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Those who hear you











Chapter 1 by Natalya Nugent

I move down the hall my parents are arguing again. Their voices bounce off the walls. I sneak into my room and shut the door behind me with out making a sound. It's cold inside and goose bumps pinprick my skin like a thousand ice covered needles are being injected into my skin. I go to the window I look out at the woods that sit behind my home looming in a deep shadow. It's hot and my windows open and the pond below my window is swishing about. There is heavy feeling in my heart and the shouting from downstairs grows louder. My sweat turns cold and I shudder. The heat is a haze and I know I'm dehydrated. I turn away from the window and sit on my bed.

What now?

My phone rings I ignore it and pull my old stuffed bunny I've had since I was a child to my chest and I wait out the yelling until I hear a door slam, and car wheels squeal out of the garage. It's dark now and my mom is nowhere to be found and my Dad is sitting on the couch with a glass wine in his hand as he stares absentmindedly at the TV. No lights are on and the only light illuminates from the blaring TV. I grab a glass my hands shaking I wrap my fingers around the glass. These are the glasses from my parents wedding originally used as mini vases but my mum re-purposed them as glasses. They are delicate and carved with perfection. The glass slips out of my hand and onto the floor shattering like a the thousands of pieces my life is in.

Chapter 2 by Abigail Holland



The noise is loud.

My cilant father kills ma incide. He descrit avan acknowledge my ovictorica. Livet broke a glace

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04/08/2020 Those who hear you He is a drunk slob. My mother is no better. I'm certain she was the one driving off. I mean, I'm used to this by now. I just hope she wasn't drinking before she left.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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